

Strange and wonderful News from *Northampton-shire* ;

O R,

The discontented Spirit.

Being a true Relation of a Spirit that Appared to one *Richard Clarke* of *Hinnington* in *Northampton-shire*, That had been Murdered, 267 years and odd days, he was seen several times about *Richard Clarke's* yard : and at last he coming from turning his Maulr, the spirit met him at the door and shov'd him into the Orchard, and there spoke to him, Saying that he must go to *London*, and so to *Southwark* to be his Messenger, and he would be his guide to go with him, (which the said *Clarke* did) and what he saw, is expressed in this following Ditty.

The Tune is, *Summer time.*



God people all pray listen well,
I'll here lay open to your eare,
A Song most wonderful and strange,
and it is known for to be true.
You have heard of spirits for to walk,
though many be, you ne'r did see,
And such some men do seem to talk
about their hidden treasure.
As by this story very strange,
the which to you I shall declare ;
Of *Richard Clark* of *Hinnington*,
a town that's in *Northampton-shire*.
This man a Farmer is, 'tis known,
and well beloved of his neighbours by ;
Although he liues not on his own,
yet he doth live sufficiently.

About the house where he did dwell,
a spirit did appear also,
which did amaze him very much,
for it was murdered long ago
The spirit much amazement had,
as it did walk too and again,
His cattel it much troubled,
because it could not speak with him.
For when he walkt the third night,
either was untied his Goose or hese ;
Or else untied it had no power,
what it walkt for for to be close.
But in finding an opportunity,
one night he turned his malt into flowre,
To's house he went most secretly,
but it did meet him at the Doore.

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The second part, to the same tune,

Into the Orchard it him shobe,
In the name of Jesus Christ, said he,
Crying out, was much amaz'd
Whither wilt thou shobe me.

Be not afraid, the spirit said,
no harm shall come to thee at all.
But to thee I must declare my mind
and looke thou dost fulfil it all.

Two hundred fifty and seven years
Since a servant man there did him slay,
But conjur'd down it now appears
as the spirit unto him did say.

I was a man the which was kill'd
two hundred fifty seven years ago,
By a servant man that dwelled here
for that I had the truth is so.

He also did cut off my head,
and wounded me very sore,
And in this place me buried
that could be against me a done more.

Then after was I conjur'd down
for so many years as I tell thee;
But now my time is expired,
and thou my messenger must be.

Prepare and go thy ways (said he)
to Southwark Ile be thy guide;
To such a house to set things strait,
which I so long ago did lide.

And in a celler thou shalt find
some money and some writings too,
To the right owner thou shalt them give,
Ile be with thee the place to shew.

So go thy ways unto thy house,
and mark these words that are so plain:
Be sure you perform all what I say,
but do not you look back again.

So he to London went with speed,
and on his Journey made no stay,
Much like a man of forty years,
the spirit met him by the way.

And smiling unto him it said:
What on thy Journey thou dost go:
And upon London-bridge again
the spirit met him there also.

And to the house in Southwark
the spirit it did him convey:
And was his guide to go with him,
and would not let him make no stay.

But when he came unto the house
he declared the thing in solemn wise.
And when the Woman was sent for,
the tears did trickle from their eyes.

Then into the celler he did go
and dig'd not above two foot in the ground
Whereas the spirit did him shew,
and there the money strait he found.

In a brass pan this money was,
and the writings in the same did lye:
But the papers did crumble away
so that they could not them descry.

But the Parchment it was safe & sound,
the which did signifie some Land:
But the money was so eaten with rust,
the same they could not understand.

So the money and the writings too
to this poor woman he did give:
Who from that Relation did spring out,
who at his hand did it receive:

The spirit stood by all the while
and gave him directions what to do,
That he should no way her beguile
the which the same belong'd unto.

And when his mind he had fulfill'd
the spirit vanished away
Unto the place from whence it came,
and seen no more unto this day.

Thus friends and neighbours you do see,
that willful murderer will come out,
Though it be done not so long ago,
yet time and years will bring it about.

Therefore lets fear the Lord on high,
that we may be of the flock which Christ
And then we need not fear to dye, (hark,
our souls no doubt will be at rest.

So to conclude what here is pend.
and is laid open to your view,
Although it be a story strange,
yet hundreds knowes it to be true.